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Scrub, Scrub:

A P O E M in Praise of the
I T C H:

With a Word or two in favour of
BRIMSTONE.

HAIL Subtile Heat! Which Pleasure brings
Too great for *Mortals*, except *Kings*.
So spoke a Wise Anointed One,
In Solemn Speech, from Lofty Throne.
Who Dying, left, as Legacy,
Rich *THEE* to every Family;
Where, as kind Token from the Prince,
Thou hast remained ever since.

Hail High-Born Heat! All Animals
Have felt *THEE* in their Heads or Tails;
Cutaneous Monarch! *Thou* hast Power,
To penetrate the smallest Pore:
And 'tis by *Thy* Dear Aid we find
The way to Propagate Mankind.
What mighty Pleasure have the *Horses*,
In Knapping one another's Arses?
But 'tis to *THEE*, Indulgent *THEE*,
They owe that great Felicity.
Have you not seen a *Pamper'd Hog*
Solace himself against a Log?
Where he to gratifie his Rump,
Directs it to some Ragged Stump:
What pleasing Joys he thereby knows,
His Aspect in some measure shows;

Now inwardly he turns his Eyes,
Which Indicates the Pleasure lies
Not only in the outward Part,
But reaches even to the Heart.

So Men of inward Light are wont,
To turn their *Opticks* in upon't;
What a Brave *Mange* will be in Fashion.

When it's defus'd throughout a Nation:

Then you may see, in little while,
A Post set up at every Mile;
Where to, first laying down their Packs,
May Scrub, most Lovingly, their Backs:
Not only so, but in that State,
May Griningly Confabulate.

Now, as for those who've weary been
Of Scrubbing, or do love their Skin,
Such are the *Beaux*, who take Delight
In keeping pretty Paws so white,
For *Picket*, *Snuff*, or *Cunning Slight*;
For such I have an odd Receipt,
As followeth, *Videlicet*.

Take Ounces Two of Butter sweet,
Of *Brimstone*, *Quantum sufficet*,
Put these together in a Plate,
Which on the Fire **INCORPORATE**:
When Matters thus are well appointed,
Turn *Adamite*, and be Anointed:
So doing thrice, (without Bravado)
Will Cure the very worst *Scrubado*.

*Probatum est, sic bene notum,
Et Plensieurs fois per Fratrem Scotum.*

O *Brimstone*! There are very few
Have sung what to Thy Praise is due:
What Noble Qualities there are
In Thee, of whom some stand in fear;
Extract from Thee, (say Men of Arts)
Restore Decay'd *Pulmonick Parts*;
Thou canst relieve us in the Dark,
From a Minute expiring Spark.
Canst Blanchifie both *Silk* and *Linnen*,
And other Kindness do for Women:
Thou canst in them one heat subdue:
If that Thou couldst one **OTHER** too,
How many Men, to ease their Lives,
Wou'd give **THEE** to their Rampant Wives.
In short, tho' here we find **THEE** Civil,
Away! Thou hast more *Strength* than *Evil*,
To Singe an Immaterial Devil.